Mou There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſtings Feare you not that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhal ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs refolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement.
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,

May offer, but not hold.
Biſhop Tis very true,
And therefore be aſſurde, my good Lord Marſhall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo, here is returnd my lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his grace iuſt diſtance tweene our armies.

Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of York, in Gods name then ſet forward.
Biſhop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.
Iohn You are well incountred here, my couſen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord Haſtings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhewed with you,
When that your flocke aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your expoſition on the holy text,
That now to ſee you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death:
That man that ſits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his fauor,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the King:
Alacke what miſchefes might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſſe? with you Lord biſhop
It is euen ſo, who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the ſpeaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himſelfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the ſanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who ſhal beleeue,
But you miſuſe the reuerence of your place,